

their wealth and lives the most fearful and least destructive is thunder or fire clouds or roaring wind and shaking earth. The long peals of rolling thunder and the frightful crack preceding the fall of celestial fire are such imposing things to have been for centuries accepted as signs of divine wrath and of impressing the ignorant with the feeling that heaven was warring against earth.

#### PROGRESS OF ALCHEMY.

There is no doubt but that the ancients knew of and used electricity in many ways. The horse of Thibet at Rhodes threw off sparks when rubbed by the hand; the father of Theophrastus could produce sparks from his own body, and the ancients in several countries used certain vines to surround their houses with in order to prevent what they termed thunder strokes. Ancient casts and records show the roofs of houses armed with the pointed blades of swords to divert the lightning stroke. The priests of the Egyptian divinities possessed the secret of making Jupiter, the thunderer, descend to the earth. Numa was the possessor of scientific secrets that enabled him to gather lightning from the heavens and produce violent forms of electric discharges which Tullius Hostilius attempted to imitate and was destroyed.

What were the effects generally on the human mind in the infancy of science when it was cherished by men of jealous habits so contrary to the liberal philosophy of the present day, which finds its noblest gratification in the duty of imparting its treasures and its discoveries?

If any one can remain skeptical regarding these facts he may convince himself by the analogy displayed in the progress of alchemy prior to the rise of modern chemistry. We have here a type of the empirical manner in which the sciences were studied, cultivated and fostered in ancient times. The priests searched after and sometimes produced astonishing phenomena; but neglecting the theory of the processes, and preserving no record of the means employed, they rarely succeeded twice in the same results. Their great object was to conceal the processes and retain exclusive possession of their secrets. But what is now less valued than their labors, or less known than their discoveries?

It is difficult to cite an example more ancient than a hundred years back. A prince, San Severo, occupied himself with some success in chemical experiments in Naples; for example, he had obtained the secret of penetrating marble with colors in such a manner that in cutting plates from it each newly exposed surface presented a repetition of the colored figures designed on the exterior. In 1761 he exposed human skulls to the influence of various reactives, and subsequently to the heat of a glass-blower's furnace, but kept so careful an account of the processes that from his own acknowledgment he could not hope to arrive at the same result a second time. The product of the last mentioned experiment was a vapor, or gas, which became illuminated at the approach of flame and burned several months in succession without any apparent dissolution of the materials. The parts lost by evaporation were more than replaced by the combination of oxygen during the combustion.

San Severo imagined that he had found the secret of the indestructible lamp, but he would not divulge the process, lest the vault in which the prince of his family were inhumed should be deprived of the distinguishing mark with which he hoped to honor it—namely, that of being lighted by an everlasting lamp. Had he labored like a philosopher of the present day the name of San Severo would have been linked to the important discovery of the existence of phosphorus in bones in gaseous form that caused the phenomena he obtained. But he operated like a thaumaturgist, and his name is forgotten with his works, while science gives honor to Gahn and Scheele, who eight years later, in 1769, established the fact and published the process by which phosphorus might be eliminated from bones.

Thus knowledge, straightened in action, was concentrated in a small number of individuals; deposited in books, written in hieroglyphics, or in characters legible only to the adepts, and the obscurity of which was further increased by the figurative style of the second language. Sometimes even the facts were only committed to memory by the priests, and transmitted by oral tradition from generation to generation. They were thus rendered inaccessible to the community, because philosophy and chemistry, being destined to serve as a particular object, were scarcely heard of beyond the precincts of the temples; while the development of their secrets involved the unveiling of the religious mysteries.

The doctrines of thaumaturgists were reduced, by degrees, to a collection of processes, which were liable to be lost as soon as they were not habitually practiced. There existed no scientific bond by the means of which one science preserves and advances another; and thus the ill-combined doctrines were destined to become obscure, and finally to be extinguished, leaving behind them only the incoherent vestiges of ill-understood and ill-remembered processes.

#### WISE DAUGHTERS.

To say that chemistry and astronomy owe their birth to alchemy and astrology, and are thus the wise daughters of foolish mothers, is to judge falsely of the progress of the human mind.

One child, Astronomy, gazes on the stars as they shine in the heavens, without imagining that they possess any influence over the course of events passing on earth; the other, Chemistry, admires the color and the brilliancy of a piece of gold or silver, and, if it is not misled, will no more imagine that it is in the range of art to fabricate a metal than to create a piece of wood or a flint.

But when a people acquainted only with the native gold deposited in their rivers saw this metal extracted from a body displaying no outward indication of its presence the belief was natural that various substances were capable of being transmuted into gold by means of a peculiar process, of which a few superior beings alone possessed the secret. The knowledge of such a wonderful art being passionately desired by the avaricious caused attempts and inquiries to be multiplied and brought to bear on all the metals, on all the minerals and on all the various bodies in nature, and thus alchemy arose out of the ignorance of true science.

From the observation of the stars the return of the seasons and several meteorological phenomena were predicted by the priests. He regulated agricultural labors in a rational manner, and foretold its probable

success with tolerable exactness. The ignorant men, therefore, under his direction, set no bounds in their own minds to the power of science, and doubted not that the future of the moral world, as well as that of the physical, was to be read in the face of the starry heavens. In this mistaken idea they were not unduly misled by the priest, and from the remotest times astrology has held a place among the sacred sciences, and over a portion of Asia it still preserves the empire which it long exercised over the whole earth.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century the French astronomers learned with surprise that there existed in Siam a mode of calculating eclipses by successful additions, worked upon numbers in arbitrary appearances. The key to this method had been long lost by those who made use of it. Perhaps, indeed, it never was possessed by them, the inventor having applied his genius to the construction of an instrument infallible in its results, while he refused to reveal the principle of its action. However that may be, let us suppose a similar feeling to actuate the philosophers who operated before the eyes of the people, in ancient Asia, in Egypt and even in civilized Greece.

With the air of numbers combined according to the principles of a hidden science it may be seen that they arrived at exact notations and uttered predictions which nature could not fail to verify on the day and at the moment indicated. Forced to attribute to these numbers the property, which, in fact, they possess, of producing correct predictions, how could the ignorant man refrain from ascribing to them other properties, and apparently not more marvellous qualities? He demanded from them, as from the course of the stars which they served to measure, revelations of the future, and consulted the Babylonian numbers with respect to his fate in life, as well as the nature and the moment of its termination.

#### PROPERTIES OF NUMBERS.

It is not without interest to observe how the theory of the mysterious properties of numbers pervades, in the same manner as in astronomical allegories, the instructions of magic. We are told that among the spirits of darkness the magicians enumerated twenty-two primes (six multiplied by twelve) and 7,405,926 demons of inferior rank. This last apparently absurd number is the product of six multiplied by 1,234,521. Is it necessary to draw observation to the fact that 1,234,521, taking it right and left, gives the four numbers constituting the mysterious Tetractys of Pythagoras and of Plato?

The dividing rod naturally shares the miraculous fame of numbers, and the Rhabdomic art, or divination with the dividing rod, was held in honor by variously marked pieces of wood served as arithmetical machines. Very complicated calculations were made with pieces of wood by the Khivians, who were much inclined to believe in the Rhabdomic art. It has been truly remarked that ignorance almost universally places error at the side of that which appears miraculous. By local applications medicine has often allayed, and even prevented, the return of pain in limb. But the physicians belonging to the sacred caste led the multitude to believe that the efficacy of the remedy depended entirely on the hand that administered it, and which alone could imbue it with its healing virtue.

In consequence of the belief in this doctrine, the charlatan was supported by the credulous to impart to these beneficial substances not only the power of curing existing diseases but the influence of preserving them from those which were likely to occur in the future. From this successful application of local remedies sprang the belief of the supernatural properties assigned to amulets or talismans. Here controversy again played a part. Figures borrowed from it are traced on many of these amulets. The most celebrated, the Abraxas, which is said to derive its virtue from the chief of the good genii, simply expressed the numbers of the days of the year.

Faith in talismans survived the ancient forms of worship. Even under the dominion of Christianity an unscientific superstition tended to foster it. It is related by M. Tiedmann that three Agnus Dei, with verses expressing their magical virtues, were sent to the Emperor of Constantinople by Pope Urban V. After such an instance can one blame the ignorant who put their faith in talismans of the magicians? Wherein lies the difference, except in the mode of consecration?

USELESS FORMULARIES. In the hands of men who either have never been in the possession of, or who have had no knowledge of hieroglyphics or of sacred language and characters, the greater portion of the magical formularies became useless; yet, nevertheless, though they had ceased to be comprehended, the remembrance of their powers was not forgotten. Even when meaning was no longer attached to the terms mysteriously recited, or those drawn on stones, or written on parchment, perhaps a greater reverence was conceded to them because their origin and the measure of their real virtue were not suspected.

It is thus that errors arise and become extended. The Hindoos affirm that "each letter is governed by an angel, an emanation of the virtue of God's omnipotence," and these angels are represented by the letters which compose the oration, or form of incantation, by which miracles are to be wrought. With that facility, aided by a doctrine, has the impostor been able to defraud the credulous in the sale of amulets—some composed of letters expressing a vow or a prayer, some inscribed with strange or absurdly grouped figures, their efficacy, indeed, becoming greater in proportion to the complicated and extraordinary aspect of the writing.

A missionary having written a vocabulary of the native language in Louisiana, frequently referred to it in order to answer the natives who addressed him. The natives believed this paper to be a spirit which communicated to the missionary all his knowledge.

The Nadoessis are, though able to count, ignorant of ciphers. Carver, opening a book before them, told them exactly how many pages there were between the beginning and the page which he showed them. They immediately concluded that the book was a spirit which dictated answers to the traveler.

The Runic letters were numbered with other magical agents so soon as this species of writing was lost to the vulgar. An alchemical formula would be similarly regarded by the superstitious if they beheld an infallible solution to questions apparently widely different, furnished by its aid, and in which they could not discern the point common to all, which the science has seized upon.

Causes, with respect to the nature of which men have always been profoundly ignorant, have exerted, and continue to exert, an influence over their existence.

#### THIS MAN HAS NERVE.

The Courage of a Western Detective Who Never Killed a Man.

Portland, Oregon. Until the discovery of the Sayres murder most popularized the Port of Portland detective force yesterday, the members thereof were interested in the plucky capture of an assassin at Seattle by detective Cuddehe, of that city. Cuddehe is very well and favorably known in local police circles, having visited here several times on professional business, and there are also in Portland several non-official persons who are acquainted by long acquaintance with him to give intelligent testimony as to his value as a hunter. It was one of the men who talked about his last evening in this way: "Cuddehe's police training was received in about 1860, when he was a young man, and he graduated with honor. It was in Leadville, Col., that he first donned a star, and he has since that time been a member of that great and wicked mining camp's history. When silver was first dis-

covered there, in 1875, nearly all the thugs and thieves in the West, and many of the worst characters of the East, started for the new Eldorado, and when the town was a year old its rulers were desperadoes. There was a reign of terror, and it was naturally in the organization of a law-and-order party by the respectable element of the town that Cuddehe first came into the municipal government, and at once began purging the camp of its rowdies. A large force of picked men was enlisted, and Ed Cuddehe was one of the first volunteers accepted. Then began the cleaning-out process. Hardly a day passed without a policeman shooting a thug or being shot by one. The chief was assassinated by a bullet which entered his back, and the dead man's official shoes were immediately filled by the next in command, and Cuddehe's name was ranked to a captaincy. The war was continued until decency triumphed, and Cuddehe was finally elevated to the city marshalship. He literally fought his way to the place, for in every dangerous duty he was at the front. "He has something in that never killed a man, and I know that he has frequently refrained from taking human life when a less courageous or cool-headed man in his place would have shot to kill, and his reputation for daring doubtless made many a desperado shudder. He is a man of an almost similar incident in which he figured, and of which I was an eyewitness. It happened in 1876, when Cuddehe was captain. A big and burly Irishman, while frenzied by drink, shot a man in a saloon, and was the sole survivor of the party. He was standing over his victim and brandishing his revolver when Cuddehe entered the door, and when the murderer looked up and saw the police uniform, he pointed the pistol directly at Cuddehe, and shouted: 'If you come near me, I'll kill you!' Cuddehe did not stop, did not falter, but, holding out his empty hands, continued advancing, gazing steadily at the eyes of the desperate man as he did so. There was something in that gaze that seemed to fascinate, or perhaps the murderer was overwhelmed with astonishment, and Cuddehe, quietly saying, 'I want you to surrender the weapon from the still extended hand, and in an instant had the big man's hands cuffed.

"That was the greatest exhibition of cool courage I ever saw in my life. When Cuddehe entered the saloon, that party of murderers was standing about a dozen yards away from him, and fully twelve seconds were consumed in the muzzles of the pistol aimed at his breast."

#### OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

A Silver Lining.  
(Seen from his office window.)

The leaden skies are pierced by spearlike rain.

And creaking signs make music faintly heard.

The wind moans, wailing as the wit-lorn Lear;

Keen, slanting darts besiege my window-pane.

I lift my eyes up from the ledger's train

Of sprawling figures—spidery and queer—

And presto! Suddenly my day grows clear.

For aye alike are weather, loss and gain.

For aye alike are drapings and drapery.

Some rain-plashed victims upon my breast.

Her Gainsborough hat tip-tilted by the breeze—

Comes fluttering by—The Girl I Love the Best!

A-dream, I see her cross the shining street.

You bring—and take—my sunshine with you, sweet!

Hamilton, O. —Stella Welles.

When Peace Is Born.

After the travail of the night,

Its hours of terror and of pain,

A little calm, in hopes and fears, it came.

Against my yearning breast is laid:

I hold it in a warm embrace,

And lay light kisses on its face;

I say to it: "The pain was dear,

The sorrow sweet that brought thee here!"

Through weary hours of doubt and pain

We struggle long to greet the morn,

And see the light of hope again

Through tear-wet eyes when Peace is born;

The whirlwind and the tempest past,

We hear the still, small voice at last,

And say to Peace: "The pain was dear,

The sorrow sweet that brought thee here."

Rockville, Ind. —Juliet V. Strauss.

Contrast.

In russet flocks the dead leaves fly

From boughs which yet are green;

Down droll ravines the chill winds sigh

To golden slopes between.

Thro' sombre nights the skies hang dark

'Twixt days of dazzling blue;

So loss and discord come to mark

The strains which echo true.

New Albany, Ind. —Emma Carleton.

"The Hipped Leaves."

Said the leaves upon the branches

One sunny autumn day:

"We can no longer stay,

Our growths of red and yellow.

For we must care for snow.

Must be worn before the frost comes,

And we go rustling down.

"We've had a jolly summer,

With the birds that built their nests

Among our green leaves and grass,

And the squirrels that were our guests.

But we cannot wait for winter,

For we must care for snow.

When we hear the wild northwester

We lose our clasp and go.

"But we hold our heads up bravely

Unto the very last,

And look upon our pomp and splendor

As away we flutter fast.

In the mellow autumn noontide

And through the naked branches,

Then may children see the sky."

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

The Awkward Kiss.

I had a loving kiss to-day,

'Twas from a pretty miss.

But, whisper, "kiss" was ten months old,

So 'twas an awkward kiss.

The kiss was made of baby breath,

And crinkled like a baby's foot.

Ah, little awkward amateur,

You need a kissing school.

But never mind, you'll fast improve

When you're a bigger miss.

Some day, years hence you'll give "some one"

A scientific kiss.

A kiss that will to mem'ry cling

And life's waste places bless;

And kiss warm words to the heart,

To seal a whispered "yes."

But, tut, tut, tut, old grandpa's

Recalling youthful bliss.

Till he sees grandma still a girl—

Through baby's awe—

—Boston Transcript.

Old Ironsides.

Oh, tear her tattered sides down!

As long as she waves on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky.

But she should be her grave!

Nail to her mast her holy flag,

Set every threadbare sail,

And give her to the gods of storms.

The lightning and the gale.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From the Infinite Book.

She gave him a rose,

And he smiled at the bliss;

And she said to him, "I love you,"

It was romance or jest?

Does it fade in his breast?

A dear token—knows?

Not a hint of the rest—

But—she gave him a rose.

—Chicago Times.

Old Sayings.

New York Evening. Superstition in every woman, and it shows itself in even the most matter-of-fact characters on unex-

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